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Antiquities.

WELSH ANTIQUITIES.

AD ANNUM
CCCCXX.

Saxones Picti. Bellum adversus Britones junctis viribus susceperunt
In hac Regione locis Maes Garmon
Appellatis cum in pratium descenderitur
Apostolicis Britonum ductibus Germano
Et Lupo Christus utilitatem in castris
Alleluia tertio repetitum exclamabant
Hostile agmen terrore prosternitur.
Triumphant
Hostibus fusis sine Sanguine
Palma fide non Viribus obtenta
M. P.
In victoriæ alleluiaticæ memoriam
N. G
MDCCXXXVI.

TRANSLATION.

In commemoration of the Year 420.

The Saxons and the Picts, with forces join'd,
Against the Britons, near this place combin'd:
And from those times of antiquated lore,
The name, Maes Garmon, still the place hath bore.
When, 'midst the raging battle's furious fire,
The Son of Heaven, with his angelic choir,
Descends; these holy warriors now appear
Amongst the hostile camps, and in their rear
The spears of Lupus and Germanus shine,
Both heaven-born Generals of the British line.
Hallelujah rends the vaulted sky,
And thrice three times they Hallelujah cry.
The hostile troops were struck with dire dismay,
And on the blood-stain'd earth they prostrate lay.
The shouts of triumph rush along the plain,
The foes being vanquish'd, not a Briton slain.
It was not force the palm of victory won,
'Twas faith alone in Heaven's Almighty Son.

In memory
Of this joyful victory,
N. G.
Erected this Monument, 1736.

Several months ago, a correspondent, *R. T.*, of Chester, favoured us with a drawing of the monument, a fac-simile engraving of which we annex. The delay in its publication has been occasioned by the difficulty we have experienced in meeting with any account of the singular transaction recorded on the monument. Pennant, we believe, makes no mention of it; and we had almost abandoned the expectation of finding any historical reference to the event, until, in consequence of a recent note addressed to our correspondents on the subject, we have been favoured with a copy of "Horæ Britannicæ, or Studies in Ancient British History: containing various Disquisitions on the National and Religious Antiquities of Great Britain. By John Hughes."—From this interesting work we shall proceed to make some extracts, after inserting a portion of a letter, on the same subject, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent.—*Edit Kal.*

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Having observed your note to correspondents in the *Mercury* of the 2d instant, respecting Welsh antiquities, and more particularly that ancient monument, the Hallelujah Stone, on Maes-Garmon, near Mold, I send you the following:*—

"Garmon was a bishop, who took upon himself the command of the ancient Britons against their inveterate enemy (the intruding Saxon.) As for the Picts and Scots, I do not believe that they ventured so far south; their plan was to rob and plunder the Britons in the vicinity of their own borders. Maes-Garmon is within a short distance of Mold, and that town, in the British language, is called *Waedd-Gryg*, or, by translating, means *melancholy shout*. The name of Garmon is still venerated in the Principality, as there are several churches dedicated to his name, such as Llan'Armon in yale, Dyffrin Ceiriog, &c. and he was the first that introduced the lock as an emblem to decorate his men, to prevent their being mistaken for the enemy. WM. CYMRO JONES.

February 7, 1827.

* See note to correspondents, under head Welsh Antiquities.

Extracts from Horæ Britannicæ.

The Saxons and Picts had made an inroad into the country, and a body of them, with combined force, were advancing towards that part where Germanus was with the British Christians, among whom were several who had recently been baptized by him, and were now attending to the instructions of himself and his colleague Lupus. The prelates being apprized of the enemy's approach, placed themselves at the head of their disciples, whom they were now about to lead in their temporal, as well as spiritual warfare, the Britons being more disposed to rely on the prayers of these holy men, and to follow their councils, than to confide in their own valour. They do not appear to have made preparations to oppose their enemies in a hostile way; and of this they were apprized, designing to fall upon them while they were engaged in their religious exercises, and preparing to celebrate Easter, according to the usual practice of the church at that time. But Germanus put himself at the head of a select company, and waited the coming up of the Picts and Scots in a narrow place, among hills and rocks. The Britons received instructions what they were to do at the approach of the enemy; they were ordered to join the prelates in repeating aloud Hallelujah, three times. Accordingly, when the foe was advancing, secure of an easy victory, the two apostolic leaders shouted aloud, while the rest united their voices with theirs, and the rocks and hills reverberated with the sound of the sacred word, Hallelujah. The desired effect was produced; the enemy was thrown into consternation, being struck with a sudden panic, as if Heaven was about to pour down vengeance upon them for attempting to violate the devout exercises of the Christians, for it appeared, to their terrified imagination, that the rocks and mountains were ready to fall upon and overwhelm them. The depredators threw down their arms, and fled; but many of them, in their confusion, were drowned in a water which they had to cross. Thus the Britons, says the ancient narrative, obtained a bloodless victory, a victory won by faith, and not by force of arms.

The scene of these transactions lay near Mold, a town about ten miles from Chester, and fourteen from Denbigh. There is a spot that still bears the name of Maes Garmon, in reference, it is said, to this remarkable event. It bore that name in the age of Archbishop Usher, as he informs us; and the learned primate was much struck with the coincidence. A gentleman, who owned that place and estate in the last century, set up an elegant obelisk in view of the town, to commemorate what is called the Hallelujah victory.

Chit Chat.

THE CLUBS OF ST. JAMES'S.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

Brummell and Alderman Combe.—The late Alderman Combe was a great gamester, and made as much money by his dexterity at play, as he did by brewing. One evening, whilst he filled the office of Lord Mayor of London, he was busily engaged at a full hazard-table at Brookes's, where the wit and the dice-box circulated together with great glee, and where Beau Brummell was one of the party. "Come, *Mash-tub*," said Brummell, who was the *caster*, "what do you set?" "Twenty-five guineas," answered the Alderman. "Well then," returned the Beau, "have at the Mayor's *poney*,* only,—and seven's the main." He continued to throw until he drove home the brewer's twelve poneys, running; and then getting up and making him a low bow, whilst pock-

* By gamesters, twenty-five guineas (rolled up in paper) are called a *Poney*, and fifty a *Rouen*.

eting the cash, he exclaimed, "Thank you, Alderman; for the future I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, Sir," replied the brewer, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same."

Roger Wilbraham and Sir Philip Francis.—The late Sir Philip Francis, who during many years of his life was a member of the House of Commons, spoke on all questions of importance, on the side of opposition. He was the convivial companion of Fox, and during the short administration of that statesman, was made a Knight of the Bath. Roger Wilbraham, who was also on the same side, came up one evening to the whist table, where Sir Philip (who, for the first time, wore the ribbon of the Order) was seriously engaged in the middle of a rubber, and thus accosted him. Laying hold of the ribbon, and examining it for some time before he spoke, he at length said, "So, this is the way they have rewarded you at last:—they have given you a little bit of red ribbon for your services, Sir Philip, have they?—a pretty bit of red ribbon to hang about your neck; and that satisfies you, does it? Now, I wonder what I shall have! What do you think they will give me, Sir Philip?" The newly made knight, who had twenty-five guineas depending on the rubber, and who was not very well pleased at the interruption, suddenly turned round, and casting on him a ferocious look, exclaimed, "A *halter*, and be d—d to you!"

Sheridan's Introduction into the Club.—It is proper to premise, that when any gentleman is desirous of being a member of Brookes's, it is necessary that two members should propose him, and that his name, with those of the proposers, should be inscribed on a board over the fire-place of the club-room, for one month before his election or rejection is decided. This must be by ballot, and if even one *black* ball be thrown into the urn, the candidate cannot be admitted. This rule, in the olden time, was, like the Median and Persian laws, never infringed: perhaps it is not now; but the present members of the club are not so rigid as to the character, quality, and fortune of candidates, as their fathers were. Twenty years ago the club was select, and by no means numerous; a citizen or merchant could seldom or never obtain admission; and wealth alone, without high blood or transcendent talent, was generally excluded. Within a few late years, the number of members has been extended to fifteen hundred, consequently wealth, or a seat in the opposition, has been a pretty certain passport for admission. Election by ballot, however, still continues; and the only person who ever became a member without this ceremony was his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness entered the club in order to have more frequent intercourse with Fox; and, on his first appearance, every member got up, and welcomed him by acclamation. But, to return to the subject of the present anecdote.

When Fox first became acquainted with Sheridan, he was so delighted with his company and brilliant conversation, that he was exceedingly anxious to get him admitted as a member of Brookes's, which he himself was in the habit of frequenting every night. Sheridan was accordingly proposed; and though on several occasions every gentleman was earnestly canvassed to vote for him, yet he was sure to have *one black ball* whenever he was balloted for, which was, of course, sufficient to disqualify him.

This was carried on for many months; and it was at length resolved on by his friends to find out who the person was that so inveterately opposed the admission of the orator. Accordingly, the balls were marked, and old George Selwyn (whose aristocratic prejudices would have induced him to black-ball his Majesty himself, if he could not produce proofs of noble descent for three generations at least) was discovered to be the hostile party. This circumstance was told the same evening to Mr. Sheridan, who desired that his name might be put up again as usual, and begged that the farther conduct of the matter might be left to himself.

Accordingly, on the next evening, when he was to be balloted for, Sheridan arrived at Brookes's, arm-in-arm with the Prince of Wales, just ten minutes before the balloting began. Being shown into the candidates' waiting-room, the waiter was ordered to tell Mr. Selwyn that the Prince desired to speak with him, in the room below stairs, immediately. Selwyn obeyed the summons without delay; and Sheridan, to whom, by the bye, he had no *personal* dislike, entertained him for half an hour with a political story which interested him very much, but which, of course, had no foundation in truth. During Selwyn's absence the balloting went on, and Sheridan was chosen; which circumstance was announced to himself and the Prince by the entrance of the waiter, who made the preconcerted signal by stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan immediately got up, and apologizing for an absence of a few minutes, told Mr. Selwyn that "the Prince would finish the narrative, the catastrophe of which he would find very *remarkable*." He now found his own way up stairs, and his name being sent in to Fox, he came out, took him by the hand, and introduced him with all due formality to the club; all the members of which welcomed him by shaking hands, and with the most flattering compliments. Sheridan was now in his glory.

The Prince, in the meantime, was left in no enviable situation; for he had not the least idea of being left to conclude a story, the thread of which (if it had a thread) he had entirely forgotten, and which, perhaps, his eagerness to serve Sheridan's cause prevented him from listening to with sufficient attention, to take up where Sheridan had dropped it. Still, by means of his auditor's occasional assistance in the way of prompting, he contrived, with a good deal of humming and hawing, to get on pretty well for a few minutes; when a question from old Selwyn, as to the flat contradiction of a part of his Royal Highness's story to that of Sheridan, completely posed him, and he stuck fast. Having endeavoured to set himself right by floundering about a good deal, and finding that it was all labour in vain, the Prince at length burst out into a loud laugh at the ludicrous figure which he cut, and exclaimed—"D—n the fellow! to leave me to finish his infernal story, of which I know as much as the child unborn! But never mind, Selwyn, as Sherry does not seem inclined to come back, let us go up stairs, and I dare say Fox, or some of them, will be able to tell you all about it."

They adjourned to the club-room accordingly, and old George, who did not know what to make of the matter, had his eyes completely opened to the whole manœuvre, when, on his entrance, Sheridan, rising, made him a low bow, and thus addressed him:—"'Pon my honour, Mr. Selwyn, I beg pardon for being absent so long; but the fact is, I happened to drop into devilish good company:—they have just been making me a member,—without even *one black ball*,—and here I am."—"The devil they have!" exclaimed George.—"Facts speak for themselves," replied Sheridan; and as I know you are very glad of the circumstance, accept my grateful thanks [pressing his hand on his breast, and bowing very low] for your friendly suffrage. And now, if you will sit down by me, I'll finish my story; for I dare say his Royal Highness has found considerable difficulty in doing justice to its merits."—"Your story! It's all a lie, from beginning to end!" screamed out Selwyn, amidst immoderate fits of laughter from all parts of the room. The old man now sat down, growling, at the nearest whist-table; but, in a short time, he could not help joining in the peals of mirth which were occasioned by the trick that had been played him; and before the evening was over, he shook hands with Sheridan, and kindly wished him welcome.

Poor Sheridan remained many years a member, and was the delight of all. He paid his subscriptions, it is true; that is, twenty guineas the first year, and twelve every succeeding one; but his account with the house was, alas! like all his other debts, continually on the increase. When he was turned out of office, the partners who managed the concerns of the club, seeing no chance of their claim being ever cancelled, would fain have *dismembered* him; but his fascinating conversation had made him so many friends (?) that it was more than they dared do, to refuse him a bottle when he called for it, or to forgot to lay a knife and fork for him, when the members chose to dine together on grand occasions. There is no doubt but Sheridan would have paid all his debts if he could; but his wishes to do so, compared with his well-known want of economy, were like Paine's simile of Mr. Pitt's theory of finance, viz. that the power of the Sinking Fund to redeem the National Debt, was like that of a man with a *wooden leg* trying to overtake a hare,—the longer he ran, the farther he was behind! Mr. Sheridan was sufficiently sensible that some apology, or "promise to pay," was due to the proprietors; and never failed, on proper occasions, to amuse them with flattering prospects of the future. In these he deceived himself more than those whom he attempted to cajole. Still he was at all times a welcome guest at Brookes's; for the gentlemen above alluded to continued to grant that with a good grace, which they could not refuse, or withdraw, without considerable offence, to the oldest and most respectable members.

Fighting Fitzgerald.—Whilst on the subject of sinister admission to the club, the writer cannot do better than relate the very singular and whimsical manner in which Mr. Arthur Fitzgerald forced his way into Brookes's. This personage, it is well known, though nearly related to one of the first families in Ireland (Leinster) was publicly executed, in the year 1786, for a murder which he had coolly premeditated, and which he and others perpetrated in a most cruel and cowardly manner. The fame, or rather infamy, which encircled his brows, from having been the survivor in a great many duels, became at length the cause of the most ferocious haughtiness, and greatly increased his overbearing and quarrelsome disposition. His duelling propensities, however, kept him out of all the first clubs in London, and rendered him at once both an object of terror and of hatred; and, even when he was introduced at the Court of France, where single combat was not so much reprehended as in Great Britain, the young monarch (the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth) could not help showing his abhorrence of a professed duellist, by uttering a most deserved sarcasm on Fitzgerald, and by refusing to admit him a second time to his levee. The gentleman who introduced him (the English Ambassador) having said,—"I have the honour to introduce to your Majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald, an Irishman, of high descent, who, in his time, has successfully fought no less than eighteen duels, and always killed his man;" the King replied,—"Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I have read your famous English history of *Jack the Giant Killer*; and I think it may be greatly improved by adding this Irishman's life, by way of appendix. Let him retire."—His Majesty farther observed to the Ambassador, in the duellist's hearing, that if Mr. Fitzgerald showed a disposition to quarrel with any of *his* subjects, he should order him to quit France in twenty-four hours.

But, to avoid farther digression, the writer has to state that Fitzgerald having once applied to Admiral Keith Stewart, to propose him as a candidate for Brookes's, and the worthy Admiral well knowing that he must either fight or comply with his request, chose the latter alternative. Accordingly, on the night in which the balloting was to take place, (which was only a mere form in this case; for even Keith Stewart himself had resolved to *black-ball* him,) the duellist accompanied the gallant Admiral to St. James's-street, and waited in the room below whilst the suffrages were taking, in order to know the issue. The ballot was soon over, for without hesitation each member threw in a *black ball*; and when the scrutiny took place, the company were not a little amazed to find not even *one* white one among the number. However, the point of rejection being carried *mem. con.* the grand affair now was, as to which of the members had the hardihood to announce the same to the expectant candidate. No one would undertake the office, for the announcement was sure to produce a challenge; and a duel with Fighting Fitzgerald had, in almost every case, been fatal to his opponents. The general opinion, however, was, that the proposer, Admiral Stewart, should convey the intelligence, and that in as genteel terms as possible. But the Admiral, who was certainly, on all proper occasions, a very gallant officer, was not inclined to go on any such embassy. "No, gentlemen," said he, "I proposed the fellow, because I knew you would not admit him; but, by G—, I have no inclination to risk my life against that of a madman."—"But, Admiral," replied the Duke of Devonshire, "there being no *white ball* in the box, he must know that you have black-balled him as well as the rest, and he is sure to call you out, at all events." This was a poser for the poor Admiral, who sat silent for a few seconds, amidst the half-suppressed titter of the members; at length, joining in the laugh against himself, he exclaimed, "Upon my soul! a pleasant job I've got into. D—n the fellow!—No matter!—I won't go;—let the waiter tell him that there was one black ball, and that his name must be put up again, if he wishes it." This plan appeared so judicious, that all concurred in its propriety; accordingly, the waiter was, in a few minutes, despatched on the mission.

In the meantime, Mr. Fitzgerald showed evident symptoms of impatience at being kept so long from his "dear friends" above stairs, and frequently rang the bell to know *the state of the poll*. On the first occasion, he thus addressed the waiter who answered his summons,—"Come here, my tight little fellow; do you know if I am *chose* yet?"—"I really can't say, Sir," replied the young man, "but I'll see."—"There's a nice little man: be quick, d'ye see, and I'll give ye sixpence when ye come with the good news." Away went the *little man*; but he was in no hurry to come back, for he, as well as his fellows, were sufficiently aware of Fitzgerald's violent temper, and wished to come in contact with him as seldom as possible.

The bell rang again, and to another waiter the impatient candidate put the same question, "Am I *chose* yet, *waither*?"—"The balloting is not over yet, Sir," replied the man. "Not over yet!" exclaimed Fitzgerald. "But sure, there is no use of balloting at all, when my dear friends are all unanimous for me to come in. Run, my man, and let me know how they are getting on."

After the lapse of another quarter of an hour, the bell rang so violently, as to produce a contest among the poor servants, as to whose turn it was next to visit the lion in his den; and Mr. Brookes, seeing no alternative but resolution, took the message from the waiter who was descending the staircase, and boldly entered the room with a coffee equipage in his hand. "Did you call for coffee, Sir?"

said Mr. Brookes, smartly. "D—n your coffee, *Sur*, and you too," answered Mr. Fitzgerald, in a voice which made the host's blood curdle in his veins. "I want to know, Sur, and that without one moment's delay, Sur, if I'm *chose* yet?" "Oh, Sir," replied Mr. Brookes, who trembled from head to foot, but attempted to smile away the appearance of fear; "I beg your pardon, Sir, but I was just coming to announce to you, Sir—with Admiral Stewart's compliments, Sir,—that—unfortunately—there was one black ball in the box, Sir; and,—consequently, by the rules of the club, Sir,—no candidate can be admitted without a new election, Sir,—which cannot take place,—by the standing regulations of the club, Sir,—until a month from this time, Sir."

During this address Fitzgerald's irascibility appeared to undergo considerable *mollification*; and, at its conclusion, the terrified landlord was not a little surprised and pleased to find his guest shake him by the hand, which he squeezed heartily between his own two, saying, "My dear Mr. Brookes, *I'm chose*, and I give you much joy; for I'll warrant ye'll find me the best customer in your house;—but there must be a small matter of mistake in my *election*; and as I should not wish to be so ungenteel as to take my *sate* among my dear friends upstairs until that mistake is duly rectified, you'll just step up and make my compliments to the gentlemen, and say, as it is only a mistake of *one* black ball, they will be so good as to waive all ceremony on my account, and proceed to *re-elect* their humble servant without any more delay at all;—so now, my dear Mr. Brookes, you may put down the coffee, and I'll be drinking it while the new *election* is going on."

Away went Mr. Brookes, glad enough to escape with whole bones, for this time at least. On announcing the purport of this errand to the assembly above stairs, many of the members were panic-struck; for they clearly foresaw that some disagreeable circumstance was likely to be the finale of the farce which they had been playing. Mr. Brookes stood silent for some minutes, waiting for an answer, whilst several of the members whispered and laughed, in groups, at the ludicrous figure which they all cut. At length, the Earl of March (afterwards the Duke of Queensberry) said aloud, "Try the effect of *two* balls:—D—n his Irish impudence, if *two* black balls don't take effect upon him, I don't know what will." This proposition met with unanimous approbation, and Mr. Brookes was ordered to communicate accordingly.

On re-entering the waiting-room, Mr. Fitzgerald rose hastily from his chair, and seizing him by the hand, eagerly inquired, "Have they elected me right now, Mr. Brookes?"—"I hope no offence, Mr. Fitzgerald," said the landlord, "but I am sorry to inform you, that the result of the second balloting is, that *two* black balls were dropped in, Sir."—"By J——s, then," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "there's now *two mistakes* instead of one." Go back, my dear friend, and tell the honourable members that it is a very uncivil thing to keep a gentleman waiting below stairs, with no one to keep him company but himself, whilst they are enjoying themselves with their champaigne and their cards, and their tokay, up above. Tell them to try again, and I hope they will have better luck next time, and make no more mistakes, because it's getting late, and I won't be *chose* to-night at all. So, now, Mr. Brookes, be off with yourself, and *lave* the door open 'till I see what despatch you make."

Away went Mr. Brookes for the last time. On announcing his unwelcome errand, every one saw that palliative measures only prolonged the dilemma, and General Fitzpatrick proposed that Brookes should tell him, "his cause was hopeless, for that he was *black-balled all over*, from head to foot, and it was hoped by all the members that Mr. Fitzgerald would not persist in thrusting himself into society where his company was declined."

This message, it was generally believed, would prove a sickener, as it certainly would have done to any other candidate under similar circumstances. Not so, however, to Fitzgerald, who no sooner heard the purport of it than he exclaimed, "Oh, I perceive it is *a mistake altogether*, Mr. Brookes; and I must see to the rectifying of it myself,—there's nothing like *dalling* with principals, and so I'll step up at once and put this thing to rights, without any more unnecessary delay."

In spite of Mr. Brookes's remonstrance, that his entrance into the club-room was against all rule and etiquette, Fitzgerald found his way up stairs, threatening to throw the landlord over the banisters for endeavouring to stop him. He entered the room without any further ceremony than a bow, and saying to the members, who indignantly rose up at this most unexpected intrusion, "Your servant, gentlemen! I beg ye will be *sated*." Walking up to the fire-place, he thus addressed Admiral Stewart,—"So, my dear Admiral, Mr. Brookes informs me that I have been *elected* three times."—"You have been balloted for, Mr. Fitzgerald, but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen," said Stewart. "Well, then," replied the duellist, "did you black-ball me?"—"My good Sir," answered the Admiral, "how could you suppose such a thing!"—"Oh, I *supposed no* such thing, my dear fellow; I only want to know who it was that dropped the black balls in by *accident*, as it were."

Fitzgerald now went up to each individual member, and put the same question *seriatim*, "Did you black-ball me, Sur?" until he made the round of the whole club; and it may well be supposed, that in every case he obtained similar answers to that of the Admiral. When he had finished his *inquisition*, he thus addressed the whole body, who preserved as dead and dread a silence as the urchins at a parish school do on a Saturday, when the pedagogue orders half a score of them to be *horsed* for neglecting their catechism, which they have to repeat to the parson on Sunday.—"You see, Gentlemen, that as none of ye have black-balled me, I *must be chose*; and it is *Misther* Brookes that has made the mistake. But I was convinced of it from the beginning; and I am only sorry that so much time has been lost, and honourable gentlemen prevented from enjoying each other's good company sooner. *Waither!* come here, ye *rascal*, and bring me a bottle of champaigne, till I drink long life to the club, and wish them joy of their unanimous election of a *real* gentleman by father and mother, and"—This part of Fitzgerald's address excited the risible muscles of every one present; but he soon restored them to their former lugubrious position, by casting around him a ferocious look, and saying in a voice of thunder, "*and who never missed his man!* Go for the champaigne, *Waither*,—and d'ye hear, Sur, tell your *masthur*, *Misther* Brookes, that is, not to make any more mistake about *black balls*; for though it is below a gentleman to call him out, I will find other *manes* of giving him a bag full of broken bones."

The members now saw that there was nothing for it, but to send the intruder to Coventry, which they appeared to do by tacit agreement; for, when Admiral Stewart departed, which he did almost immediately, Mr. Fitzgerald found himself completely *cut* by all "his dear friends." The gentlemen now formed themselves into groups at the several whist tables; and no one chose to reply to his observations, nor to return even a nod to the toasts and healths which he drank, whilst discussing three bottles of the sparkling liquor which the terrified waiter placed before him in succession. At length, finding that no one would *communicate* with him in *either kind*, either for drinking or for fighting, he arose, and making a low bow, took his leave as follows:—"Gentlemen, I bid you all good night; I am very glad to find ye so *sociable*;—I'll take care to come earlier next night, and we'll have a little more of it, *plase* God."

The departure of the bully was a great relief to every one present, for the restraint caused by his vapouring and insolent behaviour was most intolerable. The conversation immediately became general, and it was unanimously agreed that half-a-dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening to lay him by the heels and bear him off to the watch-house, if he attempted again to intrude. Of some such measure Fitzgerald seemed to be aware; for he never showed himself at Brookes's again, though he boasted everywhere that he had been unanimously chosen a member of the club!

The writer trusts that none of his readers are impressed with the idea, that want of personal courage on the part of any member contributed, in the smallest degree, to prevent Fitzgerald from being kicked out of a society into which he had so unwarrantably thrust himself, more particularly when he considers that the whole affair was so eccentric as to create mirth, rather than a desire to inflict chastisement; and that many (particularly the junior members) had no small curiosity to witness the termination of an adventure so impudently and so ludicrously carried on. But, these considerations apart, it is not to be supposed that men whose courage on ordinary occasions might easily be "screwed up to the sticking point," should be very ready, as Admiral Stewart expressed it, "to risk their lives against that of a madman." Moreover, in addition to the well-founded and rational dislike which many have to duelling, family considerations, and a natural love of life, were sufficient to deter any man of sense from encountering the Fighting Fitzgerald, either with sword or pistol, for, being a really good swordsman and marksman, and being accounted almost invulnerable in his own person, the result of a combat with him ceased to be an affair of chance, but amounted to a *dead* certainty. Is it surprising, then, that no gentleman should have had the hardihood to espouse the cause of all, by throwing away his own life on the desperate chance of overcoming a professed bully?

Blue Hanger.—Lord Coleraine, formerly known by the familiar appellation of *Blue Hanger*, from the colour of his clothes, was perhaps the best dressed man of his age; and he was no less remarkable for his politeness and good humour. Heavy losses at play, when he was a young man, compelled him to retire to France, in order to avoid his creditors; and there he remained upwards of twelve years, until the death of his elder brother, when he came to the title, and returned to this country, a complete Frenchman.

On his Lordship's first visit to Drury-lane Theatre, his natural turn for pleasantry brought him into a *rencontre* that gave him some uneasiness. Seeing a gentleman in *boots* enter the box where he was sitting (in the dress circle) and place himself on the seat just before him, rather abruptly, his ideas of etiquette could not well brook what in France would have been considered a breach of decorum; accordingly he addressed him in the following words:—"I beg, Sir, you will make no apology." "Apology, Sir!" replied the stranger, "Apology for what?" "Why," returned his Lordship, pointing down towards the boots, "that you did not bring your horse with you into the box." "Perhaps it is lucky for you, Sir," replied the stranger, "that I did not bring my *horsewhip*; but I have a remedy at *hand*, for I can *pull your nose* for your impertinence." Some other gentlemen in the box now interfered, an exchange of cards took place, and both parties left the theatre.

Blue went immediately to his brother George, at Brookes's, and, having stated the particulars, begged his assistance to get him out of the scrape, "which," said he, "may end in bloodshed. "I acknowledge," he continued, "that I was the first aggressor; but it was too bad to threaten to pull my nose. What had I better do?"—"*Soap it well*," replied George, "and then it will easily slip through his fingers."* George, however, accommodated the affair to the satisfaction of all parties, by explaining to the stranger that his brother had resided so long in France as almost to forget the customs of his countrymen.

* This method of avoiding a hearty tweak of the *proboscis* appears to have been a favourite of Colonel Hanger, for he recommends it even in the Memoirs of his Life. He says that, whenever any person is inclined to calumniate a gentleman behind his back, he ought to take the precaution of *soaping his nose first*.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

MR. RHODES'S YORKSHIRE SCENERY.

We have seen the first part of this very elegant work, which we shall take an early opportunity of noticing more fully. In the meantime, the following extract from the *Examiner* may afford our readers an idea of the merits of the work:

"Mr. Rhodes's Peak Scenery was written with so suitable an impression of the grand and graceful scenes there described, that we could not help wishing that he would extend and describe his excursions in other parts of our beautiful island. Our wishes have been in part fulfilled by his Yorkshire Scenery, and with undiminished suitableness of language and feeling. It is a feeling not only of picturesque but of moral beauty and majesty; for besides some very interesting localities in biography, natural history, manufactures, &c. a vein of rich and refined sentiment is interspersed throughout the work, and the heart receives, as well as the imagination, its due share of satisfaction. The sensitive, too, as well as the reflective power, is happily engaged in this volume, the eye as well as the mind; for, like the Peak Scenery, it has able engravings, by Messrs. G. Cooke, J. C. Allen, &c. from as able drawings made for the purpose by Messrs. Holland, Cowen, &c. It is very appropriately dedicated to Lord Milton, whose family has resided in Yorkshire for centuries."

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

(*From the Liverpool Courier.*)

	Barometer at noon.	Extreme during Night.		Thermometer morning	Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Jan. 31	29	49	44½	0	45	0	50	0	S.E.	Rain.
Feb. 1	29	60	45	0	45	0	45	0	E.N.E.	Rain.
2	29	86	34	0	35	0	42	0	N.E.	Cloudy.
3	30	49	30	0	32	0	36	0	N.E.	Fair.
4	30	49	26	0	30	0	35	0	N.E.	Fair.
5	30	37	26	0	29	0	34	0	S.E.	Fair.
6	30	27	34	0	37	0	42	0	N.W.	Cloudy.

REMARKS FOR JANUARY.

Mean of atmospherical pressure, 22. 55; mean temperature, extreme during night, 34. 14; eight, a.m. 37. 17; noon, 39. 28; extreme during day, 41. 28; general mean, 32. 14; prevailing winds, westerly.

Poetry.

LINES.

Back, trembling tear! nor ever stain
With coward drops my cheek again!
Deep in my breast, thou catiff, sigh,
In slumber bound for ever lie;
And heart, whate'er thy wasting woes,
Assume the mask that speaks repose,
And teach thy sorrows to be proud,
And hide thee, jealous, from the crowd,
Whose friendship, fair soe'er it seem,
Is but the straw upon the stream;
The demon clothed in angel form,
To soothe, then rouse, the maddening storm!
And see, the sun is tow'ring high,
And softly smiles the summer sky:
The lark far off has wing'd her flight,
And trills her gladsome carol light;
And every budding bush and tree
Re-echos love's own harmony;
And not a zephyr's sigh may break
The slumber of the waveless lake;
While peeping forth, with glad display,
Are daisies and the king-cup gay.

Fly, memory, fly! I know thee well,
And know thou'rt joy's funereal knell;
But I thy slave no more will be,
Fly, wizard, fly! for aye, from me;
And go, entwine the cypress wreath,
Pale glimmering, for the brow of death!
Rest, rest thee, tyrant Memory, rest!
And Mirth, be thou my worshipp'd guest,
And let us play so well our part,
To hide the chill and breaking heart,
That none shall dream in guise so fair,
Keeps vigil stern, the scorpion Care!
And none suspect that, mask beneath,
Achieves his fatal errand, *Death!*
But oftener in the calm is he
Than on the darkly-heaving sea;
Oftener conceal'd in summer bower,
Oftener conceal'd in beauty's flower!
Oftener he strikes amid repose
Than when the fierce tornado blows;
But little boots in what array
His own the victor bears away;
And Mirth, though long a stranger, I
Will woo thy gentle company:
And when the fond delusion o'er,
When the tried heart can feign no more;
When the worn spirit seeks repose,
When death the pageant false shall close;
Then, in that hour, how sweet will be
The dreamless sleep so heavenly!
Back, trembling tear! nor ever stain
With coward drops my cheek again.

Liverpool. G.

EPIGRAM SUBLIME.

Says Murphy, whose youth had been pass'd in a college,
Wherein he had gain'd some slight classical knowledge,
Says he, as he eyed his big hod-full of mortar,
With which up a high ladder he had to climb,—
"You may talk of *some* beautiful works, now, of *natur*,
But, by Patrick, I think that *all* mine are *sub-lime!*"

[ORIGINAL.]

TRANSLATION.—Horace, Lib. 3. Car. 30.

"Exegi monumentum," &c.

I've rear'd a work, which shall surpass
The age of monumental brass;
Far loftier than the towering head
Of nameless royal pyramid,
Which yields not to the beating shower,
Nor the wild north-wind's wasting power;
Which, while flies round the rolling year
The hand of Time, himself shall spare.
I shall not all sink in the tomb,—
Part shall escape the realm of gloom,
And ever fresh in bloom, my name
Shall mount upon the wings of fame;
While with the silent virgin still
The priest ascends the sacred hill.
I shall be nam'd along the shores,
Where Aufidus' dark fury pours,—
Where Daunus, with his scanty wave,
Laws to his rural nation gave:
Me thus exalted, time shall know,
And own the first who bade to flow
(While felt the soul ecstatic pleasure)
Æolian song to Latin measure.
And, oh! Melpomene, do thou,
The pride thy glory claims, assume;
And voluntary wreathe my brow
With Delphian laurels' brightest bloom.

Liverpool. H. W. J.

A CHILD'S SIGH.

Child, as thou slumb'rest on my knee,
What is it thus that troubleth thee?
Sorrow it may not, cannot be:
Then prithee whence that sigh?

So soft its sound thy bosom heaves,
As echo 'mid the rose-bud leaves,
When spring her song of gladness weaves:
Then prithee whence that sigh?

It is not heav'd to mourn the past;—
Thou know'st no past; and what thou hast
To come, is hid and overcast:
Then prithee whence that sigh?

It is not present pain, for thou
Sleep'st tranquilly, and placid now
As hope's first sun-rise is that brow,
Then prithee whence that sigh?

It is not fear; thou reck'st not why
Man fears; thou'rt guiltless, and thy sky
Glows—a vaculty of joy;
Then prithee whence that sigh?

Love,—name it not; oh, name it not,—
That bitter interchange of thought,
Thou feel'st no love with anguish fraught;
Then prithee whence that sigh?

Nor is it hope, that longing hope,
View'd through Time's flatt'ring telescope,
That leads us through far years to mope;
Then prithee whence that sigh?

Hope, did they say?—how can it be?
Thy only wish is placidly
To slumber on thy mother's knee;
Then prithee whence that sigh?

No! 'tis the feeling impress'd deep
On nature's breath, which breaks our sleep,
That man—poor man—is born to weep;
'Tis thence arose that sigh. W. F.

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

Dear in the morn's soft blowing gale
Is budding May;
Sweet in the wild-rose scented vale
The scattered hay;
Dear is the early evening star,
The lover's guide;
But dearer still, and sweeter far,
Our own fireside.

Dear is the linnet's lively song
That cheers the grove;
Sweet is the breeze that wafts along
The sigh of love;
Dear to the sailor's heart the call
Of land descried;
But, ah! more dear, more sweet than all,
Our own fireside.

Liverpool, Jan. 1827. T. H.

SIGNIFICANT INITIALS.

The following very clever and significant *jeu d'esprit*, which is now passing through the London papers, has been more than once inserted in the *Mercury*. It will, however, bear repetition, and we now give it a place in order to correct some of the bad French which is in several of the London papers. We have also added the words signified by the letters.

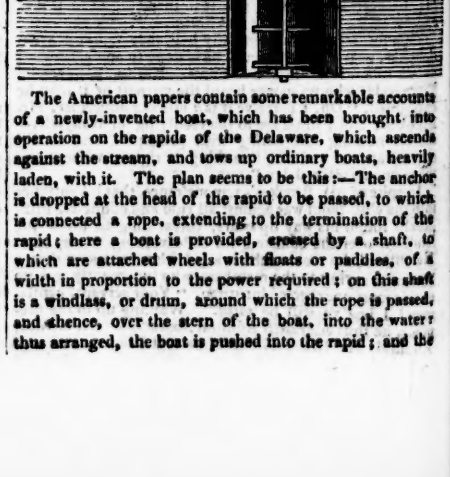
Etat de la France en 1818.

Le peuple Français est	D.	K.	D. ....dénué.
Les places fortes sont	O.	Q.	P. ....occupées.
Quarante trois départements		C.	D. ....cédés.
Le roi n'est pas		M.	E. ....aimé.
Les ministres sont		A.	I. ....haïs.
Les pairs	E.	B.	T. ....hébétés.
Les députés		H.	T. ....achetés.
La dette nationale		O.	C. ....hausée.
Le crédit		B.	C. ....baissé.
La liberté de la presse		O.	T. ....ôtée.
La charte	L.	U.	D. ....éludée.

Scientific Notices.

A MODE OF IMPELLING A BOAT AGAINST THE TIDE, BY THE ACTION OF THE TIDE.

We recollect seeing a description of a land carriage, in which the wheels were put in motion by a kind of spiral fly, so connected with the machinery, that the carriage was driven by the wind, right in the teeth of the wind. The American plan we are about to introduce to our readers is an ingenious contrivance not very dissimilar in principle.—*Edit. Kal.*



The American papers contain some remarkable accounts of a newly-invented boat, which has been brought into operation on the rapids of the Delaware, which ascends against the stream, and tows up ordinary boats, heavily laden, with it. The plan seems to be this:—The anchor is dropped at the head of the rapid to be passed, to which is connected a rope, extending to the termination of the rapid; here a boat is provided, crossed by a shaft, to which are attached wheels with floats or paddles, of a width in proportion to the power required; on this shaft is a windlass, or drum, around which the rope is passed, and thence, over the stern of the boat, into the water: thus arranged, the boat is pushed into the rapid; and the

current, acting with all its strength upon the floats, and they presenting to the stream a much greater surface and resistance or hold for the water than the prow of the boat, the wheels are turned by the current, which, winding up the rope, draws the boat irresistibly to the anchor at the head of the rapid. The boat has been found to ascend one-half faster than the current flows down, and to be capable of towing up whatever may offer itself.

The boat, having thus performed its voyage, its appendages are disengaged, it is dropped down with the current, and is then ready again for another trip up the rapid. A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* says:—"I had the pleasure a few weeks since, of witnessing the first experiment of the boat at that place, (opposite Trenton on the Delaware,) and was much surprised that an invention of such great utility had not before been put in operation. There can be no doubt as to the practicability of the plan, and the competency of the power to be acquired for propelling heavy laden boats against rapids; for in the experiment I witnessed, there was towed up at the same time, *a large Durham boat, two batteaux, and twelve persons!* The Durham boat was old and leaky, and drew as much water as if loaded with three or four tons; and she ascended the rapids (which run at about the rate of ten knots) with as great rapidity apparently as when without any encumbrance. Many of our valuable rivers have not heretofore been navigated, on account of obstructions in them by rapids, which have been insurmountable; but by the invention of Colonel Clarke, such difficulties no longer exist. Much credit is certainly due to him for the invention, as it promises to be of the greatest utility to this country in the navigation of our rivers; and it is presumed, that his plan will ere long be brought into general use throughout the United States."

Biographical Notices.

GENERAL PAEZ.

This extraordinary man is a Llanero, or a native of the elevated plains of Varinas, in Venezuela. He was the owner of herds of half-wild cattle, which he attended himself—in fact, an illiterate herdsman. Naturally of a bold impetuous temper, and possessed of strength and activity of body altogether surprising in a frame rather under the common size, he early distinguished himself in those feats of hardihood and dexterity, rendered more frequent by being almost continually on horseback, which, in a rude society, confer a title to superiority. Enjoying these personal advantages, united to a quick penetrating mind, and much native sagacity, he had elevated himself, about the time of the revolution, to a sort of chieftainship, possessing great influence over the roving bands of half-savage herdsmen in his immediate vicinity. His restless ambition prompted him to collect a band of his most daring associates, and placing himself at their head, he commenced a partisan predatory warfare on his own account. Being an American, his natural prepossessions inclined him to the Patriot cause; but when in want of provisions or necessaries for his men, or money for himself, to enable him to indulge in that strongest of all the passions in an uncultivated mind—gaming—the cause of his country was lost sight of—and the firm patriot then received the treatment most usually inflicted upon the royalist. Bolivar, attentive to the growing influence of the lawless chief, determined at once to fix his principles, and enlist his good qualities for the benefit of their common country, by appointing him to the regular army. This step had the desired effect. The cause of the country was strengthened by a chief of the most heroic intrepidity, possessing a genius for war which dispensed with the rules of art; having under his command a body of dauntless cavalry, whose charge, when led by their favourite chief, was irresistible. These men, accustomed to the horse from early infancy, resemble, in appearance and equipment, the Russian Cossacks, and, like them, do not owe the effect of their onset to the shock of a mass, but charge separately, or two or three together, depending upon individual address and prowess, upon the dexterous management of the horse, the lance, and the example of their leader.

Paez has been engaged in many battles, and numerous minor conflicts, but he more especially owes his distinction to his conduct at the battle of Carabobo. The contending armies were each about 5,000 men, the field an extensive plain, traversed by a road, and on one side, at some distance from the road, by a concealed ravine. The contending parties, although numerically equal, were not so in force; the Spaniards were better disciplined, and had a beautiful battery of artillery in position upon the road, commanding the whole plain, the Colombians being without this arm. Bolivar, knowing how much depended upon the event of the day, disposed his force in two divisions, giving the right to Montilla, the senior, and the left to Paez, with orders to attack with his two battalions and about 1,200 cavalry by the ravine. The president knew it was a desperate game, and had chosen his agent accordingly. Paez, delighted at the distinction conferred upon him by the selection, joyfully led on his men; at first concealed by the indicated ravine, but issuing soon upon the general level of the plain, the Spanish commander La Torre, saw the quarter of attack, and endeavoured by a corresponding change in the position of his troops and battery to oppose it. But Paez, brandishing his lance, fell upon them with such rapidity and resolution, that although he lost half his division, he completely routed the whole Spanish army, and captured their artillery. The carnage of the flying was terrible, and if it had not been for the fatigue of the horses, broken down by long marches, and the intrepidity of Morales, the second in command, who hastily formed a small square, and retired in that order, not a man would have escaped.

About the close of the action, Paez gave an instance of an infirmity which seizes him when violently excited. It is said to resemble an epileptic fit. If force be not used to prevent him, which was obliged to be used at Carabobo, his propensity is to charge single handed against whole battalions of the enemy.

The results of this famous battle were the occupation of Valencia the next day, and of Caracas three days after. Paez was made a Captain-General in the field, by Bolivar, and entrusted with the chief command. This promotion was shortly after sanctioned by a resolution of Congress, in which the General is characterized as the bizarro General Paez.

The Llanero has now, by the assistance of the English officers of his staff, made some progress in the elements of education. Such is his quickness of apprehension, that he learns without difficulty what in others would require years of application. It is to be regretted that the models before his eyes, and upon which he has formed himself, were not more worthy of imitation. He has learnt every thing presented to him; and if he possesses the easy carriage and polite manners of polished society, he has also acquired its vices. He is not habitually intemperate, but is frequently committed by the conviviality of his disposition. He carries his passion for gaming to such an extent as always to keep himself poor, although he possesses some of the richest confiscated estates in the country. This propensity prompts him likewise to borrow, with little scrupulousness, from whomsoever will lend, without troubling himself about repayment.

Formerly, when the minds of the contending parties were heated by mutual barbarities, the character of the General had been stained with acts of cruelty, not merely against the enemy, who, at one period, were put to death when taken, as a matter of course, but to his own troops. Like other men of great genius and violent passions, he is a warm friend and a deadly foe.

Many anecdotes are related of the General's fool-hardy intrepidity, and feats of address and activity, some merely undertaken by way of bravado, while others had a more laudable object. Amongst the first are his feats in leaping, and swimming horses, his attacks of furious bulls, and particularly his singular amusement of encountering the cayman or alligator, in his own element. An instance of a more praiseworthy exertion of courage was in the capture, by him and his officers, of a Spanish armed schooner, lying at anchor in the Orinoco. This was effected by swimming from the shore, each of the party holding his sword in his mouth.

The General is now (1823) about 35 years old. Besides his military rank, he is a senator of the republic. Although clothed with these civil and military employments, he does not hesitate to engage in the most boyish pranks. On the expiration of the armistice of Santa Anna, to show his joy at the event, he set fire to the soldiers' barracks. During another interval of inactivity, he amused himself by taking his officers to the houses of the most wealthy inhabitants of Angostura, about the time of dinner, as if in compliance with an invitation. Those who knew the General, put on the best face, and produced every thing the house afforded, or that could be procured on so unceremonious a notice. Others, who were more sparing of their wine and provisions, or attempted to make excuses, were sure to have their houses sacked, for the pretended indignity of inviting gentlemen to dinner, without suitable preparations. After this round of dissipation had lasted a fortnight, and broken down the health of those engaged, the General ordered his officers to meet at a designated house, and detached a guard as if to attend a military funeral. The best drinker was seized and placed upon a bier, with empty bottles, demijohns, &c. The guard, with reversed arms, followed by the officers, each carrying an empty bottle, proceeded to the place of interment, every citizen they met being obliged to assist at the ceremony, which was conducted with all the formalities practised on such occasions. A funeral sermon was preached, setting forth the convivial accomplishments of the defunct. On the third day, becoming weary of the absence of amusement, the General announced that a *resurrection* was about to take place. This was accompanied by the rites usually observed in Catholic countries on Easter Sunday. The bottles were all filled; nothing but rejoicing was heard; and the revived toper, placed in honour at the head of the table, was appointed master of the revels.

Miscellanies.

LETTERS OF ANN COOK, LATE MRS. BEAUCHAMP.

Before submitting to our readers the following interesting article relative to the late Mrs. Beauchamp, it may be proper to supply, as a reminiscence, a few particulars of the fate of that truly unfortunate lady and her husband, of whose attachment, fidelity, and fate, a full account will be found in the *Kaleidoscope* of October last year, page 140.

Miss Cook (afterwards Mrs. Beauchamp) was a young and lovely woman, of extraordinary genius and personal attractions. She was born in Virginia, but misfortunes drove her family to emigrate to Georgia, where her father died, leaving a wife and this daughter in very dependent circumstances. Miss Cook, who was of a romantic and unsuspecting turn of mind, listened to the addresses of a Colonel Sharp, who basely seduced her. She had a child, and her seducer soon after deserted her, and married another woman. This stung her to the soul; and her reason, for a time, lost its empire.

On her recovery, her hand was sued for by Beauchamp, an interesting youth, and they were married, though not before she had candidly told him of her misfortune; and he as generously drew over it the veil of oblivion. She lived for some time in comparative happiness; but during a political contest, the seduction of Miss Cook was charged against Colonel Sharp, to his prejudice. Mrs. S. and her mother became vindictive, and, it is said, exhibited certificates that the child of Miss Cook was a mulatto. This information was conveyed to Beauchamp, in a letter, upon seeing which, Mrs. B. in an agony of grief and indignation, at so cruel an aspersion, vowed vengeance, and her husband entering into her feelings, stabbed the destroyer of her peace and innocence. Beauchamp was condemned to death, and was accompanied to his dungeon by his wife, whose heroism and devotion rose with the horrors of her fate. They determined to commit suicide together. She first drank the laudanum—but after repeated fruitless efforts to die by poison, they resorted to the knife. On the guard retiring, they embraced tenderly. "He then (says the narrative) drew forth the knife, and stabbed himself: she seized his hand, as if anxious to perish at the same moment, and plunged it into her body! Her wound was mortal—he perished on the scaffold!"—*Edit. Kal.*

(From the National Journal, an American Paper.)

I have just read a curious production published in this city, purporting to be from the pen of A. Cook, late Mrs. Beauchamp, whose end has been so tragical. If these letters be genuine, they serve to exhibit the character of that extraordinary woman in a new light, and will be read, I think, with the deepest interest by all who have heard of her fate. They are said to be letters written by Ann Cook, at different periods of her life, to an early friend and school-mate of hers, residing in Maryland, which have been collected by the husband of the lady to whom they are addressed, and given to the public as genuine. The history she gives of her not very eventful life, and of

her feelings, is sketched with a power and an eloquence, and sometimes with a warmth of colouring and expression, which might, perhaps, have been expected in a woman of such a character, but which I did not think she could have reached. The following extract from letter thirteen is a good specimen:—

"The deep interest you take in my welfare endears you more and more to my heart; and though I feel that your advice is good and wholesome, I am like one that is under the influence of a charm that fascinates and lures him on to destruction and death. The picture you have drawn of Christianity is indeed most glowing and beautiful, and might have operated upon my mind, had it not been directed into another channel by the perusal of the sceptical works of Hume, Voltaire, and Paine, which that monster, soon after our acquaintance commenced, put into my hands, and the poison and novelty of which, from the want of early religious instruction, I was but too much inclined to relish. If I am in error, I hope a good and merciful God will pardon me. But, my dear Ellen, do not ask me to forgive him. You cannot feel the extent of my wrongs, and the magnitude of my sufferings. Every hour seems to aggravate them, and to render them more galling and bitter. He has married another—the one to whom he was betrothed while he was solemnly pledged to me—the one for whom he abandoned me, young, confiding, and doating as I was, after reducing me to ruin and misery, by the most shameful and unmanly acts of seduction; and how can I forget such wrongs? Do they not perpetually haunt my imagination? Do they not, night and day, ring in my ears? Do I not feel them in the silent contempt and scorn of my fellow-beings? No! No! Any thing but that. My dear husband seems to become more and more attached to me, and to feel as I wish him to feel: *but from some new cause*, more and more indignant against the slayer of my peace. You desire me to 'regard the past as a painful dream.' Oh! that I could do so—that I could forget myself, him, and every thing; that my crushed and bruised heart could cease to throb—and that memory and life were ended for ever. A painful dream it is not. No! No! I turn to it as a living and horrible reality, which glares before my mind—which, like the deadly Sirocco, withers the very springs of thought, and almost prostrates the powers of intellect. I never think of it (and when is it that I do not?) that I do not feel as one touched with madness, or afflicted with delirium. But I will not pause on it—it is too, too painful.

"You congratulate me on my marriage with Mr. B——p, and hope that I will pass the remainder of my life in tranquillity and happiness. How little, my dear Ellen, do you yet know of your friend. Can marriage erase the deep and indelible stain on my character, or make a malignant and envious world forget the folly or misfortune of a poor erring woman? Can marriage restore me to what I have been—to the fame I have lost, and to the feelings I possessed? Can marriage heal up the wide and yawning wounds of a lacerated and tortured heart, or throw over the mind the oblivious waters of Lethe? Oh! No! never. Happiness in this life is not for me; that dream has long since vanished. Sorrow, and pain, and mortification, are my portion here; and though I have a husband and a friend who loves me, and whom I love as tenderly as a heart so bruised and broken can love, I feel no joy in his embrace—no pleasure in his smile. The idea that he thinks me degraded and unworthy, haunts me while with him, and when alone. I feel as if he never could be proud of one so low—so abased and so humbled; and, as if I did wrong to unite my unfortunate destinies to him who had been so generous and so noble, and whose prospects of future eminence and fame might thus be destroyed for ever. Happiness—Oh! No! that is a name I shall never know again.

"Your happiness, my friend, must be complete indeed, to be surrounded, as you are, by such a group of loving and beautiful children. Does little Ann grow rapidly, and does she ever speak of ——? but no—breathe not my name to her; tell her not of my fate. Let me be to her as one that has never existed. Ellen, I have strange fancies of late. I nightly haunt the grave of my dear little child, on which I sit for hours, and weep and groan. I planted at the head and foot two crimson rose bushes, which have been watered with my tears, and which have grown up and spread their green foliage over the grave. The flowers are what are called black, and I loved to gaze on their dark beauties when just unfolding. The other evening, at twilight, I was surprised to see the colour of the flowers of a much lighter red, resembling blood, and hanging their withered heads to the earth. What does this portend? Oh! that I was with my child—at rest—at rest."

Of the power of her imagination, and the energy of her feelings, the following I think a good specimen:

"One of these dreams I must not omit to tell you, because it made a strong impression on my mind.

"I thought we were sailing together, Colonel S— and I, one calm moonlight night, on a beautiful lake, which seemed as clear and transparent as chrystal; the scene was peculiarly lovely; I reposed my head on his bosom; the air fanned my burning forehead, and waved aside my dark clustering locks. A delicious fragrance filled the air, and strains of more than earthly music were wafted to our ears. I gazed on him madly; I was 'lapt in Elysium.' His very breath seemed to give me being, and his smile, so sweet, so gentle, diffused over my heart a feeling of undying rapture. Suddenly, I thought a furious storm arose—the sky was darkened—the waves rolled in mountain billows—the lake yawned beneath us—our little bark became the sport of the winds and the waves! and I heard a voice, that rent the firmament, cry, '*You shall perish.*' I caught him convulsively in my arms, and I said, we will live and die together. He coldly threw me off, and I saw by his side a young female, whom he tenderly embraced, and who seemed to cling to him for protection. I was horror-struck; I felt as if crushed under the pressure of the earth—as if all nature had conspired to blast and destroy me. My brain was on fire, and I thought my heart was a mass of burning lava. A dagger, all at once, glittered in my hand; I rushed upon him, and buried it to the hilt in his bosom. A stream of blood spouted from the wound; he uttered one deep and expiring groan, and dropped headlong into the lake, which bubbled for a moment, and closed over him for ever. I laughed in agony, and made one spring to follow him, but I awoke, almost in convulsions: and a cold sweat covered my body; I shivered in every limb, like one under the influence of an ague, and, for several moments, I could not believe that it was not real. For worlds I would not have such a dream again; but it is passed, and I now look upon it as a mere fantasy, as the sleeping thoughts of an imagination disordered by love."

I think she carried her revenge too far; though to a woman of her sensibilities and passions, the wrongs she suffered must have been dreadful. The gentleman who has furnished these letters has, in some introductory remarks, very correctly observed,—"Had Mrs. Beauchamp's mind been early and properly imbued with a sense of religion, her misfortunes might have been avoided; and, instead of closing her life in the flower of youth by her own hands, and leading her husband to an untimely and ignominious end, she might have been, with such a capacity as she possessed, an ornament to society, and a glory to the world. She seems to have been permitted to follow too much the bent of a mind naturally vigorous, and tinged with romantic heroism, and to give too great a rein to her sensibilities and feelings, rendered morbid by solitude and acute indulgence. From her earliest age, Mrs. R. says, she displayed the traits of character which may be seen in her letters, and which were so fatally developed towards the close of her life. The restraints of religion, and the counsels of prudence, might have given them a different and useful direction, and conducted her to a sphere of life in which she would have shone with no common brilliancy."

Mrs. B. was undoubtedly a most extraordinary woman, and every thing from her must be interesting. As to myself, I confess I have read these letters with the deepest interest, and cannot bring myself to doubt their genuineness.

A. D.

LORD GROSVENOR'S TENANTS' BALL.

On Tuesday evening, the 30th ultimo, this annual treat was given by Lord Grosvenor, at Eaton Hall. It is hardly necessary to say that this festive anniversary, which brings together a numerous and respectable tenantry, with their families, under the hospitable roof of their Noble landlord, is considered of no small importance by the surrounding district; nor can we conceive any method of friendly intercourse better calculated to cement the important relations of landlord and tenant. Between four and five o'clock the company began to arrive; those from the immediate neighbourhood on foot, and those from the more distant villages by various conveyances, some on horseback, others in gigs, cars, carts, waggons, and different vehicles; and, by half-past five, the court-yard on the east front was crowded with them, while the hall had received an accession to its inmates of not fewer than four hundred persons.

Ample preparations had been made, in providing refreshments for the guests as they arrived, plentiful tables being spread for the men, consisting of beef, hams, poultry, tongues, &c.; and the females were regaled with tea. The farmers' wives, and especially their daughters, had, of course, put on their *bit of very best*; and truly the whole group, (we particularly mean the females) when they entered the ball-room, exhibited an appearance of beauty, and a display of elegance that did credit to Cheshire taste, and would not have disgraced a more exalted assemblage. The room selected for the dance was that denominated the Tenants'-hall, and forms the whole extent of the wing last added to this superb structure; its dimensions are 64 feet by 54; and it is admirably well calculated for the purpose to which it was appropriated. It was splendidly lighted, and a temporary orchestra tastefully fitted up at the extremity of the room, which was ably filled by nine or ten professional men from Chester, under the superintendence, we believe, of Mr. Charles Harding.

The long-anticipated and wished-for moment had now arrived; the dancers were paired; and we observed the first touch of the cat-gut produced an involuntary and instinctive movement in the younger and more ardent portion of them. Soon after six the merry dance commenced; and we may here observe, once for all, that it continued, with very little intermission, for *ten hours*, that is, till past four o'clock in the morning. "Thinks I to myself," said a bystander, just before the conclusion, "who would be a fiddler?"

On each side of the entrance to the ball-room, which communicates with the steward's room by a capacious arch, a temporary bar was erected, from which was served a plentiful supply of good six years old October, excellent punch, and wine negus, of which every one partook, according to his varied taste and wish. While the young and sprightly were occupied in the mazy dance, the older and more sedate part of the company occupied the benches placed round the room; and many a hearty glass was quaffed to the health of the Eton family. This part of the scene embraced every thing we comprehend in the idea of hilarity and merriment, but nothing that savoured of excess, rudeness, or disorder. We were the more pleased and surprised at this, as the beverage was accessible to the whole company without restraint.

Between 9 and 10, Lord Belgrave and Lady Elizabeth entered the ball-room, and were soon after followed by the Earl and Countess of Grosvenor. They were received with that veneration and respect to which their station and kindness entitled them; and during the time they remained there, which was more than an hour, none of their guests seemed to enjoy the festive scene more pleasurably than themselves. They conversed affably with their friends and neighbours, as they mingled with the throng; and it is hardly necessary to say, that every one in the congregated mass availed himself of a little finesse to attract the notice, and obtain a word or nod from the exalted visitants.

In the adjoining room already mentioned, tables had been laid for somewhat more than a hundred persons, and being replenished with abundance of provisions, as many as could be accommodated at once sat down to supper about eleven o'clock; they were succeeded by others, until the whole of the guests had supped; after which, all resumed their station in the ball-room as before: dancing, however, being kept up during the whole of the time.

All human enjoyments must come to an end, and when the rapid moments brought the morning to four o'clock, prudence and propriety, rather than satiety or weariness, suggested a separation: the suggestion was attended to; the whole train of vehicles was put into requisition, and before five Eaton Hall was cleared of its numerous and happy visiters. We are apprehensive that those who came from a distance, before their arrival at home, would have to encounter severe weather, as from five to six, there was a tremendous fall of snow.—*Chester Chronicle.*

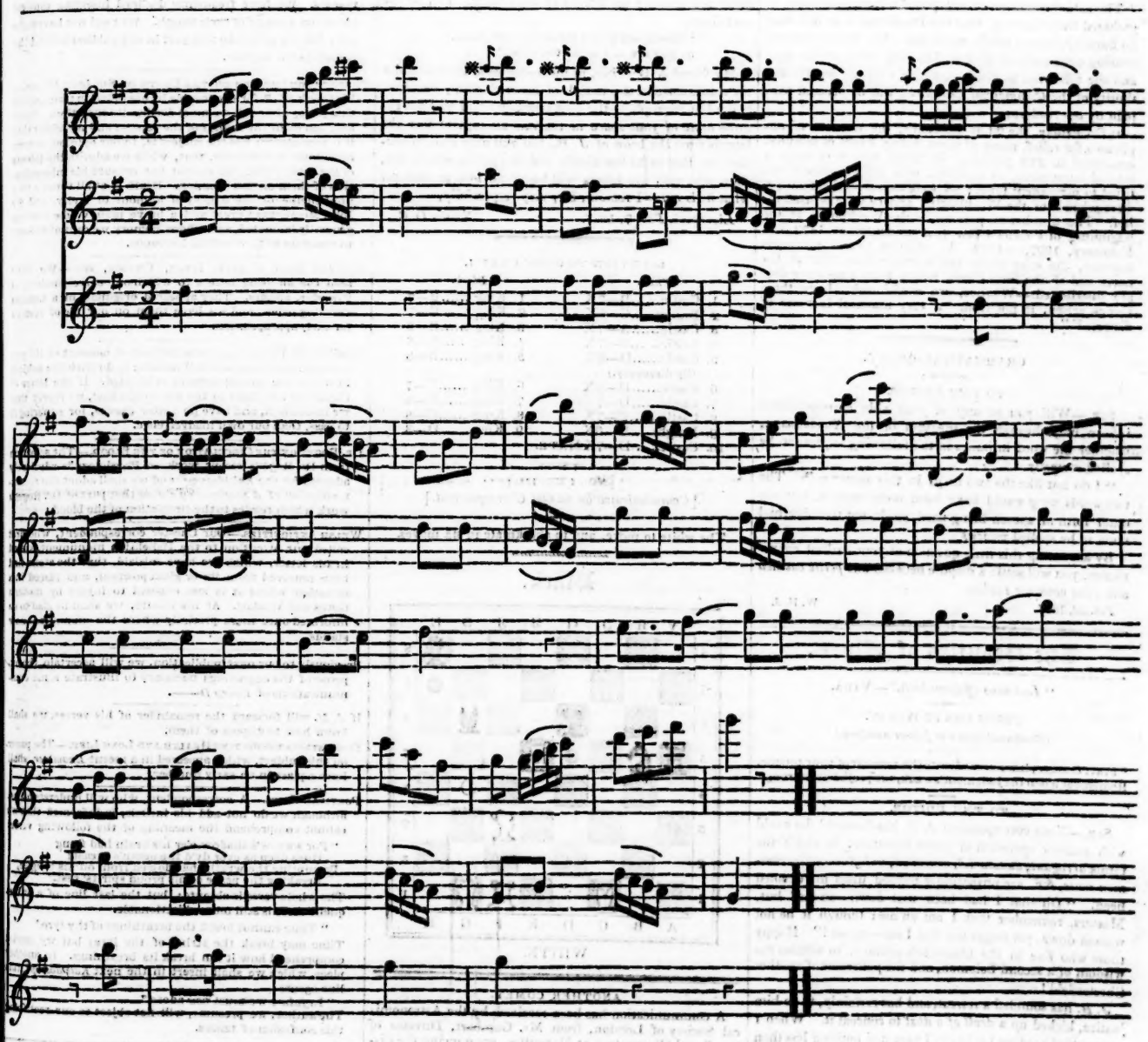
Tide Table.

Days.	Morn.		Even.		Height.		Festivals, &c.
	h.	m.	h.	m.	ft.	in.	
Tuesday ..13	.....		0	1	18	3	
Wednesday14	0	17	0	35	18	10	Valentine.
Thursday..15	0	52	1	11	18	11	
Friday 16	1	30	1	56	18	6	
Saturday..17	2	9	2	31	17	7	
Sunday....18	3	53	3	17	16	3	Sexagesima Sunday.
Monday ..19	3	44	4	15	14	8	Moon's last quarter.
Tuesday ..20	4	50	5	29	13	7	

SPECIMEN

OF A VERY SINGULAR PASSAGE IN THE MASQUERADE SCENE OF MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI.

(Concluded from our last, page 252.)



Correspondence.

STATE OF THE POOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Whilst we feel grateful to the gentlemen of the committee of the soup kitchen, lately established here for the benefit of the poor, it would enhance the obligation would they have the goodness to send round daily through the principal streets and squares of the town and collect the fragments, and carry them to the kitchen for distribution. This would be both agreeable to the inhabitants, and convenient for the poor. PHILANTHROPOS.

The actual condition of the poor in Liverpool may be gathered from the fact, that the Poorhouse is so full that no more applicants can be admitted. We stated this distressing circumstance in the *Mercury* some weeks ago, and the following particulars, which we state on the authority of the *Commercial Chronicle*, will be perused with pain by our readers:—

"On Friday, the 2d of February, the number of applicants for relief, many of them being heads of families, amounted to 345 persons. Of these, 228 were what is termed large cards, or paupers, who are considered entitled to permanent relief; 98 were casual applications; 7 were taken into the Workhouse; and 12 were refused relief. The number of persons in the Workhouse at the beginning of February last year amounted to 1179.—in February, 1827, to 1578. In addition to this enormous increase, the soup shops are opened; from that at the north end of the town alone, nearly 4000 quarts per day are distributed.—Whence, we would ask, have these things arisen, if not from 'a very material increase of distress?'"

GRAMMATICAL QUERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Will you or any of your able correspondents inform me, through the medium of the *Kaleidoscope*, whether the word in italics in the following expression be spelled correctly.

"I do not like the two *verys* in this sentence." The two words *very* would have been more correct, but the other form of speech being used, ought not the adverbial noun to be spelled *veries*?

By answering this little question at your earliest convenience, you will settle a dispute between *une petite bas bleu* and your constant reader.

Feb. 3d, 1827. W. H. J.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

CHESS CONTROVERSY.

(Continued from our former numbers.)

"Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue,
Remember when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent *J. B.* has favoured the world with another specimen of polite literature, in which the terms *arrogant, dictatorial, conceited, uninfluenced by common sense*, &c. are unsparingly heaped upon my devoted head. "Oh that I had been writ down—an ass! but, Masters, remember that I am an ass: though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am—an ass!" Happy those who live in the nineteenth century, to witness the wisdom of a second Solomon, and the politeness of another Chesterfield!

J. B. has sounded a retreat, and has certainly, to do him justice, kicked up a *devil of a dust* to conceal it. When I commenced reading his letter, I expected nothing less than to find all that I formerly advanced, logically demolished; but, with shame I confess it, my intellect is so clouded, and my skull so impervious to the rays of the sun, that I rose from its perusal as *conceited* as ever. The proof of his want of knowledge of the game, which I exhibited, by quoting a clear law, acknowledged by the highest authority on chess, he, like an able tactician, passes unnoticed. He admits *all that I asserted* as to the uniform practice of all players; but some quotations which I gave, to prove that the *King never is taken*, and that it is not the object of the game to take him (the latter of which *J. B.* had previously distinctly asserted) he eagerly lays hold of to prove—what? that his view of what *ought to be* the principle on which *check* should be given, is theoretically more correct than that practice which has prevailed from time immemorial! "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" Modesty is usually the concomitant of real merit, and truly *J. B.'s* merit and modesty are worthy of each other. He, as the poet sings,

"Has lights where other folks are blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind."

My friend J. Bowring, in his Aphorisms, (how singular the coincidence in the initials of kindred genii) has said, "the last triumph is the best triumph!" I will not engross more of your space in the vain attempt to tear the laurels from the brow of *J. B.*, but will only add, in conclusion, that as he has kindly told the public what *I am*, those who read his letters will be at no loss to discover what *he is not*.—I remain, Sir, very respectfully,

Liverpool, Feb. 7, 1827. YOUR O. C.

SOLUTION TO GAME CXXVII.

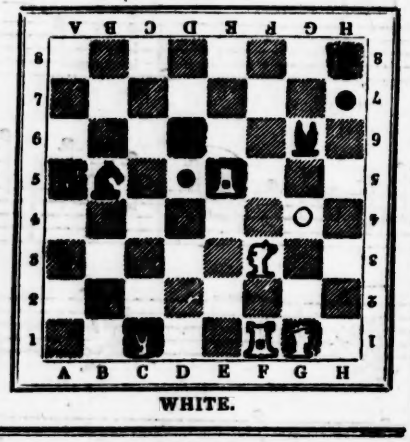
White.	*Black.*
1. Castle.....B—7X	1. King .....B—7
2. Bishop ...C—6X	2. King .....C—7
3. Castle.....A—7X	3. King .....B—8
4. Castle.. ...B—7X	4. King .....A—8
5. Castle.....D—7X (By discovery.)	5. King .....B—8
6. Castle.....D—8X	6. King .....C—7
7. Castle.....D—7X	7. King .....B—8
8. Castle.....B—7X	8. King .....C—8
9. Knight ...D—6X	9. King .....D—8
10. Castle..... D—7X MATE.	

[NO. CXXVIII.]

[*Communicated by an Old Correspondent.*]

The white to move, and to checkmate in six moves.

Black.



WHITE.

ANOTHER COMET.

A communication has been received by the Astronomical Society of London, from Mr. Gambart, Director of the Royal Observatory at Marseilles, announcing the discovery of a new comet, near Herculis, on the morning of the 27th Dec. 1826. Right ascension, 16 hours 34 min. Declination, 21 degrees 27 minutes.

To Correspondents.

MOZART'S MASQUERADE TRIO.—Since we last week published the first portion of this ingenious piece, as a specimen, it has been suggested that the remainder would be very acceptable as an exercise for our musical readers. It is of no consequence that the first and second parts are in different parts of the *Kaleidoscope*, as it is as easy to turn over eight pages as one. We recommend it to our readers to write at foot or margin of the part of the trio published page 252, last week, "Volti subito to page 263." This mode of dividing a piece of music between two publications, has furnished us a hint by which we may profit, with convenience to ourselves and satisfaction to our readers. We have frequently declined inserting musical pieces, on account of their length. We need not have done this, had we given the first part in one publication and the remainder in another.

PARODY UPON THE ODE ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.—We thank *W. R.* for the trouble he has taken in transcribing this piece, although we must decline its insertion. It has long ago made the rounds of the papers; and we admit that it is very clever; but the subject is, in our opinion, so very unsuitable to burlesque, that, while we admire the talents of the caricaturist, we cannot but censure his misapplication of them on this occasion. Death is at all times a very unfit theme for the display of humour or levity, and Sir John Moore was a great and a brave man, whose fate was generally lamented, and whose memory we cannot consent to associate with any thing ludicrous.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE, ITALY, GREECE, &c.—We have seen the amusing letters to which our correspondent, *A Traveller*, alludes. They appeared originally in a London morning paper, and we have them on our file of reserve for early appropriation.

Check's reply to *Checkmate* was declined on account of its personality, and because it had nothing to do with the subject in which the correspondence originated. If the letter of *Checkmate* was liable to the same objection, we regret that we inserted it, and have no better excuse, for suffering it to pass, than our own inadvertence.

DR. ROGET ON THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.—The selection from Dr. Roget's recent work on Physiology is admirably adapted for the *Kaleidoscope*, and we shall adopt the recommendation of *A Student*, by giving that part of Dr. Roget's work which relates to the circulation of the blood.

WELSH ANTIQUITIES.—Our Chester correspondent, who first called our attention to the Hallelujah monument, stated in his letter, which we have mislaid, that the stone had been removed from its original position, and placed in a situation where it is less exposed to injury by modern Goths and Vandals. At his leisure, we shall be glad to be informed once more precisely where the monument now stands.

Previously to our next publication, we will ascertain the expense of the engravings necessary to illustrate some communications of *Henry D*——.

If *J. M.* will forward the remainder of his verses, we shall know how to dispose of them.

SUGGESTIONS RESPECTING HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.—The paper on this subject, which appeared in a recent *Examiner*, shall have a place in an early number.

POETICAL SLIPS.—A correspondent, who will understand us although we do not add his initials, is informed that we cannot comprehend the meaning of the following verse:

"For sorrow's shadow o'er his brain had flung
Hues deep as ever dy'd the ocean's breast;
Prompting the wrath that flowed from off his tongue,
Breaking the peace of his proud spirits' rest."

The whole verse is obscure; but the last line of a subsequent verse is still more objectionable.

"Time cannot break the breathings of thy lyre."

Time may break the string of the lyre; but we cannot comprehend how it can break its breathings. In another piece, which we shall insert in the next *Kaleidoscope*, this line occurs—

"In *future* we must *now* adore."

The author, we presume, will not object to our rectifying this confusion of tenses.

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